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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. NUMBER 4

THE SPIRIT OF SIMPLICITY is a great Magazine. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice, overcoming the greatest obstacles, permitting those whom everything seems to separate to understand one another, esteem one another, love one another. This is the true social comment; that goes in to the building of a people. —*Charles Wagner.*

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.....

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OLD SUBSCRIBER.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. NUMBER 4

Walter H. Page, editor of the *World's Work,* thinks that the only way to elevate the quality of our magazine literature is to convert the public to intellectual leisureliness rather than to try to infect the writer with the fever of modern life.

Prof. Sledd, of Emery College, Ga., has found it necessary to resign his professorship and the trustees to accept his resignation because he spoke his mind freely on the color question in a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly;* his contention being that although the negro may represent an inferior race he still has rights which the white man is bound to respect.

Julia Ward Howe, in her address on "The Religious Education of the Young" before the Unitarian Sunday School last May, said:

> Faith, hope and love are today as essential to the well being of the human soul as they were when Paul commended them in his famous chapter. We can present these great themes today free from the clouds which once obscured them. Aspiration and service, faith in the love of God, and the right of every human being to the good will of all—these doctrines do not mutilate, but complete the man as God intended him to be.

The Alabama secular press is jubilant over the success of their new suffrage laws. It is claimed that it has resulted in excluding fifty thousand negro votes and in stimulating the white vote to a decided increase. Let them make the most of their triumph. There is a righteousness that does not wait upon ballot boxes. Alabama has not settled its race question; there is a color problem that remains and it cannot be settled except on lines of rightcousness. Even in Alabama and among negroes

> "A man's a man for a' that; for a' that!"

A writer in the Paris *Revue* says that higher education in the United States is coming to be a fraud and a farce. Millionaires advertise themselves by endowing universities. College presidents are appointed with a view to their pursuit of the dollar. University buildings are built extravagantly in order to make a show. In the United States he says, "The school rules learning; the teachers rule the school; the parents rule the teachers; the children rule the parents, hence the children rule learning." It is not quite that bad, is it?

The English Methodists have just bought a tract of land in the heart of London for which they paid a million dollars and upon which they are to erect their denominational headquarters. In Chicago the Methodists own a block of land in the heart of the city, but they make minimum use of the site. They have done better than their sister denominations in holding the title to the land. The Methodists of Chicago have a great opportunity. It is theirs, if they will, to build a great municipal cathedral for Chicago, in it to give home to all the humanities and much of the divinity developed by the great need of a great city.

The Light of Reason, the London monthly for September, has an article on "Worry and How to Cure It." He follows the advice "Don't worry" with the question, "Why worry?" Among the prescriptions are the following:

> "Put yourself in touch with broader and bigger ideas of life and of life's meaning."
>
> "Try to understand something of the underlying principles of things."
>
> "Go as often as you can into God's beautiful world of nature."
>
> "Quietly wait upon God. So shall you find yourself at the hidden spring of all peace and strength and in simple trustfulness shall experience the glad realization of the poet that
>
> God's greatness
> Flows around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness His rest."

The Literary Digest says of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland: "He is the most prominent candidate now above the horizon for the democratic Presidential nomination in 1904. If he succeeds in winning the fall election in Ohio, it is conceded that his nomination will be well nigh a certainty." This same journal quotes from the *New York American and Journal* as follows:

> Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the kind of reformer that the profiters by abuses fear and hate most. He is not an earnest poor man, an outsider, who can be laughed at as a sentimentalist, a crank, nor an envious disturber. Johnson is a millionaire, a born money-maker, whose business capacity compels the respect of the monopolists against whom he is warring. He knows all about them and their methods, and they know that he does.
>
> Tom L. Johnson has brains, ardor for the cause of popular rights, and tremendous energy. Every citizen who believes in government by the people instead of government by money will rejoice if the democracy, commanded by a chief who stands for so much that is worth while, shall rout the republicans in Ohio.

Raymond Robbins, in the September number of the *Commons,* furnishes the leading article on the "Municipal Lodging House of Chicago." It is a most interesting account of a most commendable social experiment on the part of the city of Chicago. The city police stations are closed against tramps, but this lodging house at No. 12 South Jefferson street, contains every night from ten to one hundred and forty hungry and homeless men who have been renovated and fumigated, fed and slept, according to the most approved methods. The process is repeated the next night if they are willing to furnish a *quid pro quo* in the way of work on the streets. Following Mr. Robbins's article comes a discussion of "What is a Tramp?" by Geo. L. McNutt, the Presbyterian minister who has educated himself on social questions, by getting a "job," now on the street car, now in the shop and again on the dump, or in the ditch. He has mingled with tramps and strikers, railroad hands and mechanics, and has an interesting fund of information secured at first hand.

The "Church of the United Brethren in Christ" rises to its name. Twenty-two leading ministers and laymen of this denomination have addressed a letter to their bishops begging them to take the initiative in the direction of Christian unity. They specially named the Methodist Protestant, Evangelical, United Evangelical and Cumberland Presbyterian churches among the denominations that are perhaps ready for fusion. Meanwhile the Methodist Episcopal, Congregationalist and other dominant sects are looking on and commending the movement, thinking it is a good thing for these weaker brethren. But if it is a good thing for the weaker, why not for the stronger who stand aside and approve? Here are scarcely any theological differences to justify the separateness. The greatest obstacle lying in the way of unity among the truly orthodox is to be found in the large vested rights. Has not each denomination great property interests represented by publishing houses, book plates, newspaper plants, salaried secretaries, bishops, agents, etc., etc., whose prosperity, if not existence, would be jeopardized by the agitation and much more by the realization of a coming together; a cessation of theological hostilities and sectarian rivalry?

To the impartial onlooker the game of politics as now being played by the two leading parties in this country is a very interesting one. Neither party is playing on long lines. The republican party, local, state and national, is busy in holding its own. In the main it confines itself to the task of justifying its records, defending its recent actions and staying in power. The new issue raised by the President, of reciprocity with Cuba, and the larger question of a revision of the tariff, brings consternation to the committees and great annoyance to the bosses. The democratic party, out in search of an issue, is more actively engaged in trying to formulate causes more worthy the support of the independent voter. But this is a perplexing problem to the managers, and the result is very different in different localities. Nothing has occurred for a long while more startling in the political world than the triumph of Thomas L. Johnson, in Ohio—a single taxer, a three-cent-fare-man for city railways, a believer in municipal control or ownership of public utilities and natural monopolies, has won his way to the front of Ohio democracy. They have a platform and a ticket that is vital with radical issues and progressive ideas. While on the other hand the democracy of Wisconsin passed by several clean and high candidates and took up the man who is an adept in the worst methods of politics, a man behind which lies the "beer" and the "barrel" resources. Its platform is a jumble of abuses of the present governor, an attempt to confuse the public mind concerning the high political reforms championed by Governor La Follette. There is a further appeal to religious prejudices and an attempt to arouse partisan and sectarian antagonisms. In view of all this the independent voter feels more sure than ever before that it is his duty to stand aloof, vote for the best man wherever found, keep on studying, waiting and working for the new issues that will make new parties, or at least persuade the old parties that

> "New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.
> They must up and onward ever
> Who would keep abreast of truth."

The *Brandur Magazine* is the last applicant for public attention and patronage in periodical literature. The first number, marked "sample copy," lies before us bearing date of September 20th. The office of publication is 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The editor is Orlando J. Smith, President of the American Press Association. It appears without word of comment or introduction to indicate its purpose, except the lines in the business card which inform us that it is to be a "periodical of fiction and thought," and to be sold at "five cents a copy or two dollars a year." It is a handsome piece of printing, dignified, plain, attractive, on pure white paper. The type is large and clear, the page a little larger than that of UNITY; the whole typographical appearance suggesting English rather than American typography. This particular number contains the first three chapters of a serial, eight short stories, a sonnet, a poem, and four or five thought articles. The contributions are all signed. Among the names we find those of Ernest Crosby, Clara Morris, Julian Hawthorne, Richard Burton, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Perhaps the field of the magazine is somewhat indicated by these sentences from the "To Contributors" found on the last page:

"Fiction portrays the acts, motives and passions of men. It is a leveler; it deals with cabins and palaces; the poor and rich; the foolish and wise. It touches all the chords of emotion; it moves to hope and fear; to laughter and tears. It is a noble art, and yet more than an art—it is the science and philosophy of human nature. The quality of fiction is improving; it grows broader, deeper, more perfect, tender and true. If there be no living writer who measures up to the greatest writers of the past, yet there are more stories of merit now than at any previous time, and there are writers coming who will surpass the favorites of the present. To the new writers of merit the *Brandur Magazine* will be always hospitable; indeed we shall seek for them as a prospector hunts for gold."

It is hard to see how there is room for another magazine on the over-crowded library and center tables of America, but this certainly is an attractive candidate, not the least attraction of which is that it seems to swing out on its literary merit. There is no line of advertisement here. Can a magazine live without advertising? If anybody can make such a magazine go it ought to be the President of the American Press Association. His position is a guarantee of expert skill as well as a strategic position from which to lead a successful campaign. UNITY extends its congratulations to the new venture upon its winsome face, and its best wishes for a triumphant career.

"The Judgment Day of the Liberal Churches."

A subscriber accompanies his enclosure with a personal word to the editor which, though not intended for print, is so pertinent to the needs of the times that we cannot refrain from quoting. He writes:

"It seems to some of us that while many of our churches have considered in a very self-satisfied way that our denomination was at the very front rank of progress, we have been passed by by many an Evangelical Church in the interpretation of the modern gospel—the 'Gospel of the Kingdom.' Around this question the warfare of the next generation will undoubtedly be waged, and some of us are anxious that our own church should appreciate the fact, as in the slavery question, we cannot stay on the fence.

"This social question seems to us the only live question on the field—a question that cannot be disregarded much longer. It seems the very epitome of true Christianity, as it embraces all endeavor to realize the will of God in humanity.

"Canon Freemantle maintains 'that the church is a company of men banded together to establish Christ's righteousness in the world,' while many of our ministers apparently look upon the church as a 'listening place.' Some day in the near future men will not consider it necessary to support a listening place (where no reply or comment is possible) but the time will never come when the high purpose and endeavor of lovers of their fellows will be without followers.

"The present time seems to me to constitute in very truth the 'judgment day of the church,' where the voice of a Jeremiah should be heard as of old. 'He judged the cause of the poor and the needy, then it was well with him; was not this to know me? saith the Lord.'

"*The American Friend* some weeks ago in a leading article stated that 'the church of Christ must settle the question of human relationship or die,' which for a moderate, quiet gospel denomination was a pretty vigorous expression. Someone ought to draw up a bold, vigorous indictment of the church today and show that it has no lot nor part in the religion of the prophets. Today as of old they devour widow's houses when they are through with their long prayers.' Today 'is this house called by my name become a den of robbers in your eyes? Behold! even I have seen it, saith the Lord.' True in the line of Jeremiah is the line of Jesus of our time and few voices are raised to arraign those responsible.

"The question comes to all of us, I think, Is it worth while to help support such an institution at all, and yet we dread to break with it. Emerson defined the attitude of thoughtful people in his day as 'a hope and a waiting' upon this question, and still we hope and we wait."

While this letter was lying unanswered before us we turned to our editorial exchanges and examined the editorials of several of the leading religious weeklies that regularly find their way to our table. We found this week, as always, much good reading concerning questions of church polity and religious philosophy, some gentle homilies on current events, foreign and home mission, denomination polity, etc., etc. One paper had a commendatory editorial on the expensive playing at war being indulged in by our government. Another had a very moderate censure for the coal strikers and as moderate an implication that the operators might be in the wrong, but there was the absence of a demand for the rights of the starving women and children and the long suffering public, or an exposure of the atrocities of combination of capital that strikes behind closed doors with far more deadly effect than is possible to the more boisterous, more open and more clumsy strikers of the long suffering and oftentimes ill-guided toilers. We rubbed our eyes to see whether the arraignment of our subscriber was just and we wondered if, so far as the printed page of so-called religious journals is concerned at least, the Jeremiah voice in religion, the call for immediate application of the gospel of righteousness in the life of today, is not largely wanting.

After this disappointing quest in the editorial columns of our religious (?) papers, we took up a Chicago daily of even date and in the three columns of editorial matter we found a stirring leader on "Superfluous Blindness," setting forth with searching directness the discoverers of science that an overwhelming majority of those now blind might have had eyesight were it not for the criminal ignorance and neglect of parents, physicians and nurses. Here was an exposure of corruptions of public officials in regard to the dependent poor, a skillful thrust at the debilitating and disgraceful attempt to revive fox-hunting sports and coaching pastimes by the silly rich in and around Chicago. Here was a clarifying exhibit of statistics which show that the illiteracy among the negroes in the south declines at the rate of ten per cent per decade. A righteous indignation is displayed against the persistency of fashion that makes of the millinery shop a morgue. This secular editor does not hesitate to tell his fair readers that "a woman who puts a dead bird in her hat takes her moral life in her hands." This editor does not hesitate to impale a high official belonging to his own party for persistent malfeaseance in office. He tells in blunt Saxon that "if there were no men in Chicago who wanted their taxes fixed there would be no tax-fixers;" and that "a winter tempered to the coal-less householder is the next best hope that is left."

Thus it is that in these three editorial columns we find no less than eight direct religious editorials, all of them petted with ethics, charged with moral regeneration. This paper happened to be the *Chicago Tribune*. But in spite of all the "loud," "yellow," the "expedient" and the "commercial" in Chicago journalism, we are bound to say that this particular copy of the *Tribune* is a fair representative of its class, and we have no reason to claim that Chicago journals are superior to their contemporaries in other cities.

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that the churches and other "religious" organizations and their organs, the so-called religious press, have become so specialized, so concerned with the science of religion and the art of church-building that unconsciously the spirit of religion has escaped them; it is seeking new expressions and applying itself to new tasks.

The subscriber quoted above is not alone in this arraignment. We go far afield if we seek those who most feel this defect or who are trying the hardest to remedy it outside the church and out of the pulpit. Jeremiah is not without his successor in the pulpit of today, and the "burden of souls" is borne by many who frequent the shrines of religion and who are determined to reclaim the great church investment, reconsecrate the powerful ecclesiastical plant, bringing its force to bear once more upon the ethical life not only of the individual, but of the community which they constitute. The following minister's letter which has reached our table is symptomatic of the times. The writer is Pastor of a Unitarian church, the editor of the little parish monthly, *Ariel*, from which we have frequently quoted which has a growing circulation of upwards of twelve hundred. We understand that the

Independents are about to run Brother Littlefield for congress. We are too far away to judge of the situation, or of the sanity of this particular man or of this particular movement. It is safe to say that such a movement as this is doomed to fail; if not from inherent weakness, then from its inherent strength. All great movements are rooted in failure. The outcome of this latter day Jeremiah quest may be something very different from that indicated in this letter; the main encouragement lies in the fact that there is a quest and something will come out of all high quests. Let us dare, brethren, to face these quests, discuss them, preach them, and, so far as lies in our power, practice them. Better be foolish in the foolishness of the Lord than wise with the wisdom of the serpent.

My Dear Friends: Believing that we are on the threshold of a social and industrial crisis, realizing that the conventional churches with their anæsthetizing atmosphere are impotent to deal with coming events, and that even the most liberal and progressive churches must face and advance to meet the New Time or become stranded and left aside by civilization, therefore, I, as Minister of the First Parish in Haverhill, Mass., make the following proposition to my church, as a test of its progressiveness and also of my continued services as its minister.

I propose that we offer to combine or "merge" all the liberal and reforming interests, including the New Thought cults, Ethical Culturists, Socialists, Co-operators, Spiritualists, Trades Unionists and others into a grand working Fellowship whose only creed or bond of membership shall be the Golden Rule and its actual personal and organized application. The object is not to absorb any cult or ism, but to give each the strength of all, and thus have a Church or Fellowship of all made strong by each; every cult or branch to be represented on the governing board, and each to have use of the building once a week for its special services, and all Fellowship to meet Sunday mornings for inspiration and direction of practical work in hand for humanity.

* * *

I propose that this great Fellowship be called THE CO-OPERATIVE CHURCH, and that it face toward the Co-operative Commonwealth or Socialistic State as the realization of Christ's gospel; and that we abolish all pew rents, subscription lists, etc., and raise funds by establishing co-operative stores and enterprises as soon as possible, but meanwhile begin by trading at certain stores which will give 5 to 8 per cent cash rebate checks, to be collected monthly. Only 200 families trading an average of $1 per day, is over $70,000 a year, netting rebates for about $4,000 a year; 300, $6,000 a year. Less than half of this will support the proposed Co-operative Church, and the remainder could be used to buy at wholesale coal or other necessities to be furnished at cost to members, or funded toward building homes for our people at cost on the installment or rental plan.

Such a church will have great influence in municipal affairs—insisting on better politics, public ownership, relief from over taxation, etc., and become by increase and example a positive Christian power in our national life.

Being a large exemplification of the Golden Rule, and not mere make-believe, such a church will have a tremendous influence on business—seven days in the week—for it will be a business church. We need more business in our religion and more religion in our business. The world is weary of all ecclesiasticism that merely diffuses a holy atmosphere through a dim religious light in which no vital organic life stirs, or is operating to produce actual results of righteousness amidst the prevalent conflicts, cruelty, injustice and miseries. We must begin to act. Forgetting the fabled garden of Eden behind, and never minding a promised Paradise in the sky, let us commence to make Heaven a reality on earth NOW.

Professing Liberal Christians must meet the new economic conditions of our time a little sooner than others. This Proposition will be presented at a special meeting to be called the middle of this month, when it will be for the Parish to vote whether the church shall go forward or not.

Sincerely your minister,
GEORGE E. LITTLEFIELD.

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 1, 1902.
P. S.—The church opens September 7.

Anarchy or Government.*

A more timely book than this little volume by Mr. Salter it would be hard to find. Readers of his sane and high "Second Thoughts on the Treatment of Anarchy," in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will be glad to find in this earlier work the underlying philosophy of government which makes Mr. Salter's political thinking so broadly tolerant and hopeful. In days of political and industrial "storm and stress" like the present we know of no treatment of fundamental issues more worthy of the consideration of men of thought and of action alike than that so highly and compactly given here. We can only wish that, as the book may have passed out of the public mind since its issue several years ago, a new edition might be prepared, with an extension of the illustrations to the more recent exciting events, like the assassination of President McKinley and the great coal strike, that have shown anarchy and government confronting each other in dead earnest here in America.

In this "irrepressible conflict," the author's sympathies, practically at least are all on the side of government. Theoretically, he admits, anarchy (defined simply as the absence of governmental control over the individual), may be a defensible ideal. "That liberty, or complete absence of government, would mark an ideal state of society," he says, "seems hardly to admit of doubt." And he quotes Channing, "In heaven nothing like what we call government on earth can exist. * * * The voice of command is never heard among the spirits of the just." But because we are living on earth, where men's characters are not ideal, for the sake of the general good there must be government to hold in check the lawless and selfish elements in society. The restriction of individual freedom is admittedly an evil; though it has compensations of good that make it in most cases not wrong, but right, on the whole. If men would always do the best thing without compulsion, government would be superfluous, or nearly so. Since they will not—and a state of anarchy would be inevitably a state of the exploitation of the weak by the strong, with no redress except violence—government, for the greater good of the whole body politic, is justified.

It is justified precisely because a society of human beings is a body—an organism—"and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." The author's main contention, so far as he has any apart from that suggested by the antithesis in his title, is against the theory which he finds set forth in various of Herbert Spencer's writings upon sociology—that human society is a simple extension of conditions in the realms below man, in which the prevailing law is that of "the survival of the fittest." Society, in his conception of it, exists not so much to perpetuate these conditions as to give them check, by finding room for the play of the higher principle of justice, and even kindness, to the weak. The force of society as a whole

*Anarchy or Government? An Inquiry in Fundamental Politics. By William Mackintire Salter; pp. 176. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co., 1895.

is set in motion for the protection of its feebler members against the oppressions of individual or organized selfishness. So, only, will come the greater good to all, which is the ground upon which society exists.

The chapters, all of them brief, through which the author unfolds and defends this conception, are interesting as they are clear and forcible. The interest culminates in the closing chapters, in which the effects of anarchy and government respectively are shown in the industrial realm. The illustration chosen is the Pullman-Chicago strike of 1894; but the principles laid down are easy of application to more recent industrial crises. Here is the author's searching statement of present conditions; * * *. In this free industrial order in which we live, a great many have hardly enough to eat, and not because they are unable and unwilling to work (I do not deny that some are in want through their own fault); that a great many more—a large number—while they have enough to eat, have little or no share in the comforts and decencies of life; further, that there is a large, growing class of the unemployed, or irregularly employed, for whom there is little or no work to do, mechanical inventions tending to make men's labor more and more unnecessary (as electric wires make horses to draw street cars unnecessary), the human being having, however, nothing but his labor to live on; still further, that the stronger members of the industrial organism are apt to take advantage of the weaker, to drive hard bargains with them, to get their labor for as little as they can—so that as a result they, the stronger, get more than a fair share of the wealth that is jointly produced, a result attributable not to the fact that they are of superior ability, but to the fact that their ability is rare (and in their rareness their economic strength consists), while the laborers are at a disadvantage not because it is only labor they have to sell, but because this labor is plentiful (wherein consists their economic weakness); and hence the division into classes, the inequalities of condition and advantage, the misunderstandings, the enmities, and perhaps now and then public disorder and riot."

The leap from this state of things to the ideal is long, but the author sees the gap in process of being bridged so soon as "the organic idea of society" is as completely carried out in the industrial realm as it now is in the protection of life and property. "Progress," he concludes, "for the present is, I believe, in the direction not of less, but of more constraint (of private or corporate selfishness and greed). And in my judgment this tendency will not have worked itself out to its legitimate result, until the whole industrial life of a people conforms to the requirements of the social conscience, until every able-bodied person has a place in the industrial order, until industrial inventions and improvements become at last public property and accrue to the common benefit—to the end that all the members of a society alike may reap the advantages (in increased enjoyment and lessened toil) of advancing civilization." The author has to defend this from being called "socialism" by those who use epithets to save themselves the trouble of thinking. He is not frightened, however, by the name, so firmly does he believe in the thing described.

And the growing social conscience of the American people is bound to be more and more with him. If it is one form of anarchy to assassinate a President—and its vilest and most hateful form—it is another wilfully to bring about conditions so that a universal commodity like anthracite coal is practically prohibited to the poor, and to some who are not poor, all over this great country. The logic of Mr. Salter's position would be that it is not only anarchy for the labor unions to prevent other men from taking the places of strikers, and to participate through some of their representatives in scenes of disorder and bloodshed; but that it is also anarchy for the mine operators to set their wills against the public good to the extent of utterly refusing to arbitrate their differences with the men. Whatever may be the merits of the present strike, it is a legitimate office of government, if we may draw conclusions from what has been stated above, to step in and compel arbitration along the lines laid down by Commissioner Wright. And this, which the sober judgment of the country increasingly demands, will one day be made legal and binding in all such disputes.

R. W. B.

The Elect.

The smoke came up from the bottomless pit
  To the saved who sat above,
Singing a song of praise to God
  For his most merciful love;
And they sang so loud that they drowned the woe
Of them that writhed in the lake below.

But the Lord was on his great white throne;
  At his right hand, the Son;
And at their feet the penitent thief,
  Who died with the blameless one.
And the thief he blushed, and hid his face,
At the song of the saved in the heavenly place.

Then spake the Lord from his awful throne:
  "Ye saints, who sing your pride,
Had ye but shed one tear instead,
  The fires of the pit had died,
Now know ye well that the lowest hell
Is the heaven wherein ye all do dwell."

And Christ, he turned his face away,
  And said, "I know you not.
"Depart from me, ye hardened hearts,
  "To the woes that ye forgot!"
And the depths with a terrible cry were riven,
As the saints fell down from their seats in heaven.

And the dreamer awoke, who dreamed this dream,
  As the Sabbath sun looked down;
And the smoke that darkened the holy light
  Was the smoke of a Christian town;
And a great church choir was pouring abroad
A glorious hymn of praise to God!

Winona, Minn. FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD.

THE PULPIT.

The Simplicity of the Gospel and the Gospel Simplicity.

AN AFTER VACATION SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1902.

"Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil."
—Matthew, v, 37.

The nearer we approach Jesus, the closer we come to his words and are touched by his spirit the more clearly do we see that he was a plain man, using plain words to urge plain duties. Someone has said that advancement in philosophy is characterized not so much by the solution of the great questions of being as the giving of them up, the confessing of ignorance; and the contentedness that follows bespeaks the wisdom that rests on the few certainties. The progress of religious thought is measured in the same way. The theological problems of the day are being worked out by a process of cancelation. The new theology is the simpler theology. Religious progress may be represented as an increasing accent on the commonplace; it comes by placing an ever-growing emphasis on the plain things. The creeds are complex things; their very sentences are difficult to parse and more difficult to understand and realize. But the beatitudes are plain; the parables are intelligible. The ceremonies of the church are elaborate, expensive and formal; but the Golden Rule is quick, immediate and imperative. The scholar of today admits that there are dark sentences in Paul; mystical phrases in the Fourth Gospel; difficulties about the miracles. But the meaning of the lesson of the Prodigal Son is obvious; the parable of the Good Samaritan is transparent, and the invitation of the Good Shepherd is intelligible to both maid and mistress, to the unlettered peasant and the learned professor.

To search for the gospel then is to journey through the complexities of text, the elaborations of forms, the perplexities of doctrine to the few simple demands of the moral code, the universal commonplaces of the spiritual life.

Every great religious teacher, all the noble reformers in morals, began by emphasizing the few cardinal points of duty and reverence which in time became encrusted with details, overlaid with conditions, forms and formulas that the founders never thought of and would not themselves have accepted. Such is the story of prophetic Judaism becoming entangled in the priestly ceremonies of a latter day; of Mohammed's leadership involved in the stiff Mohamedanism of later generations; of Jesus, the friend of man, the apostle of the kingdom of God and the ecclesiastical and doctrinal Christianity that followed.

Recently Congress has ordered the publication of the volume popularly known as the Jefferson Bible, and some religious guardians have feared it. He himself describes it as follows:

"I have made a wee little book from the Gospels which I call the Philosophy of Jesus. It is the paradigma of His doctrines made by cutting the texts out of the book and arranging them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject. A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen."

In a non-official edition it makes a small book of 150 pages, coarsely printed, and it carries with it the freshness and simplicity of a bouquet of familiar garden flowers; so simple were the teachings of Jesus, so easy are his lessons when we study, so far as we may, his own probable words unframed by the theories of his followers, untrimmed and undimmed by the elaboration of his successors.

Jesus condensed the Ten Commandments into two. Hillel could state the substance of the Law and the Prophets while standing on one foot, anticipating the Nazarene with his Golden Rule, and Confucius was able to pack his entire gospel into one word—reciprocity. The etiquette of gallantry is profuse, a thing of many words; the declarations of love are brief, of few words and in their final and triumphant expressions take refuge in the silence of a kiss. The liturgy drags itself over many pages; prayers are wordy, but the devout soul knows the spiritual short cuts, and the prayer of the publican is long enough to reach from earth to heaven, from the needs of the finite into the bounty of the Infinite—"Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner."

The demands of ethics are in the main simple; conscience at its highest is direct, imperative; its decisions are immediate. You do not need to present arguments to the sailor when a man is overboard. The fireman does not consider the *pros* and *cons* when the cry of a woman is heard in an upper story of a burning building. The pettifoger loves to entangle his case with precedents, statutes and cross references; the great jurist is glad, whenever he can, to trust the cause of his client to the plainer requirements of the common law. The ways of politics are devious and oftentimes dark; the tricks of our politicians are numerous and oftentimes vain. But our statesmen, guiding their steps by the stars, are willing to plant themselves on the Declaration of Independence; they stand for the rights of man and are willing to trust the welfare of state and nation in the greater welfare of humanity, the fraternity of nations, knowing that that "cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm."

This much is of "The Simplicity of the Gospel," the first part of my subject. Let us now look at the Gospel of Simplicity, the second part of my text. Is it simply a fanciful play upon words, a pretty alliteration, or is there here a subtle logic that establishes a profound connection between the Simplicity of the Gospel and the Gospel of Simplicity? I have tried to show that all Gospels, that is, every message fraught with good news, are characterized by their simplicity because simple things are the permanent things; simple truths are the universal truths; the simple needs are the imperative ones, and supplies for these needs are exhaustless else progress is impossible and life will promptly become extinct.

Every Gospel, then, is a process of simplification. Simplicity is a gospel because it distinguishes between the transient and the permanent; things extraneous and things internal. In morals simplicity is opposed to duplicity.

In religion simplicity is an escape from the complexities of form and the perplexities of creeds and formulas to the simple trusts, the far-reaching hopes, the love-hunger and the thirst for beauty which characterizes all faiths at their highest, inspires all progress, directs all pilgrimages and is the fundamental consecration of all shrines. Simplicity, then, is the end of the Gospel as well as its beginning. Simplification is the process of culture; it is the law of the spiritual life. Plain living, like high thinking, is the goal of culture, the test of intelligence, the measure of refinement. Says Charles Wagner, the great liberal preacher of Paris, in a precious little book on "The Simple Life," just now made available to the English reader:

"All the strength of the world and all its beauty, all true joy, everything that consoles, that feeds hope, or throws a ray of light along our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal and a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity, and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life."

What, then, is the Gospel of simplicity? It is

life centered on the most important things; it is the love of the permanent; it is the service of the essential; it is the discrimination between things transient and things permanent; it is independence of externalities, freedom from style and convention, loyalty to principle and duty. In the individual life it is the single eye that Jesus spoke of; the blessedness of usefulness; the serenity of the beatitudes. In society, it is the brotherhood of love; the community of interests; the kingdom of God; the righteousness which, once the possession of the state, "all things shall be added unto it." It is that potential life that, like a grain of mustard, will grow to the tree in which the birds of heaven lodge. It is the leaven which leavened the three measures of meal. It is the hidden treasure which, being found, "giveth joy to the finder," and "he selleth all that he hath in order to buy the field." It is the pearl of great price for the possession of which he again selleth all that he hath.

The Gospel of Simplicity is the crying need of today. It is the only escape from the clamorous wants, the feverish fatigues, the tyrannical social demands, the foolish fashions and the silly styles in the embrace of which society writhes in hopeless agony like the gazelle in the African jungle caught in the toils of a boa constrictor. Wherever peace is to be found and however strength is to be attained, one fact is demonstrated beyond question, viz., that these can never be found on the road of plenty. The multiplication of goods never brings sleep to strained nerves, rest to body, or peace to mind.

The pioneer lived on homely fare in his log house. He rode in a lumber wagon when he did not go afoot. His shoes were made of cow hide. His Sunday garb was the hickory shirt and denim overalls made clean, and his "warmess" was made of "hard times." His grandsons ride in covered buggies drawn by spanking teams in silver-mounted harness. They wear kid skin shoes and starched linen on Sunday. They have the daily paper, magazines, and modern books on the center table in a carpeted parlor in a modern house, but the serenity of the pioneer is gone. The grandfather had at least a few Sunday hours for his Bible, hymn book, and the simple ministries of religion, and time to bow the head a moment, three times a day at least, with the broken word of praise on his lips and a flashing thought of God in his heart. But the grandchildren have not time for all this; the "help question" is too serious; the "servant trouble" is an unsolved perplexity, and the Social Problem in all its grim relentlessness hangs like an ominous cloud over the farm that the pioneer cleared and conquered, with a degree of serenity that has gone.

Or the grandchildren may have won their way into the city, they have entered the battle fields of trade, have gone into the fray, fought and conquered. They live on the avenue. All that artist, architect and dry-goods man can do towards giving them a home has been done. They have won elegance. They have won opulence, and beyond all this they have a generous bank account left and there is more coming. But there is not peace; oftentimes not health in that house of elegance. It is a home of discontent, anxiety and more or less dreariness. The Gospel does not brood in the heart; it does not preside over the hearth; it does not illumine with joy and enthusiasm the eye. The spirit of simplicity is not there. High thinking will not wait upon high living. There is need of a process of elimination if gospel potencies are to be reached; gospel peace is to be found; and gospel rest is to be realized.

What is to be done about it? One thing is certain, we cannot, if we would, set back the clock of time; we cannot undo the triumphs of science or vacate the vantage ground which man has gained thereby. And another thing is equally true—Gospel heights are not to be attained by simply pushing ahead on these material lines or by simply increasing what we call the mastery over nature, the multiplication of things. The "nervous prostration," which is the arraignment of the modern woman, cannot be cured by employing another servant; scarcely by a change of diet or a cowardly escape to Europe or to the woods. And the fretfulness of the men, their niggardliness of time and money towards great causes, civic issues, and family duties, and the final paresis that threatens them, cannot be avoided or evaded by a rise in prices, a change of the tariff laws, or an increase of "prosperity."

All these spring from spiritual causes; they are spiritual diseases and the remedy must be spiritual. The remedy is not far to seek, though hard to apply. It is so easily stated, so self-evident that, fortunately, physician and minister are glad to resort to the same formulas, and the hospital and the church seek the same ends with very much the same means. The Gospel needed by all these sufferers, the Gospel that will bring relief to physical and spiritual illness, solve the problems of labor and of finance, remove the mortgage and the backache, relieve the headache and the heartache, is the Gospel of Simplicity. I need not explain what I mean by it; it carries with it its own clearness and directness.

Let me particularize.

We need simplicity of speech, of diet, of dress, of home life, of social relation, of civic adjustment, in national, international politics and the co-operative life of religion. Let us attend a moment to each of these counts.

When Jesus, in the words of my text, said: "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil," he was not speaking of trivialities, but he struck at a vital root of the simple life. Words are counters of ideas, symbols of thought, and as such they should be regarded with religious awe and dealt with with reverence. Speech is the primal inspiration; words are the most enduring product of the human mind. The purity of your language is a measure of your refinement. The adjective and the adverb should always be subordinated to the nouns and the verbs. Youth is corrupted by what has been aptly called "The vice of the superlative." Exaggerated speech is always the acompaniment of careless if not of unscrupulous thinking. It is useless to try to teach reverence where slang abounds. There are timely truths in the old legend that tells of how the building of "Babel," the house of God, was defeated by the "babble" of men. Perhaps the first condition of simple life is simple speech, and a fundamental element of the gospel most needed today is the gospel of chaste language, of chosen words, of reserve and control in the use of the tongue.

Again, there is a kitchen end to the Gospel of Simplicity much neglected. There is a piety of the table which, if heeded, will bring much needed rest to the weary and sleep to the distracted. Religion not only asks "What sayest thou?" but, "What eatest thou?" O, the sins of the palate! The profane indulgence represented by the cup, the platter and the pipe! Religion is profaned by every vitiated breath that dares enunciate gospel sentences. The pipe and the cup, even when indulged in only in the presence of philosophers and with an air of philosophy, cheapen the standards of ethics, depreciate the moral currency, introduce an element of insincerity and impotency into the message, however high. Dyspepsia is a sin before it is a disease; it is a crime before it is a malady. Somebody has sinned in these directions; perhaps many have sinned before the pang comes. So-called

"dietary laws" are the laws of God written upon the tablets of human flesh.

I plead not for aceticism. We must not begrudge the fuel for the engine that is to do the Lord's work in the world. The great Prophet of simplicity "came," the record says, "eating and drinking." But the joys as well as the economies of life are wickedly violated in our lives and homes by the extravagant elaboration, foolish combinations, and wasteful anxieties concerning what we shall eat and what we shall drink.

And what shall we say of the "Wherewith shall we be clothed?" Only this, this morning: That the matter of dress is a matter of religion; that your garments are tests of your morality; that every man or woman's dress is a measure of his or her piety; every style and fashion must ultimately be tested at the bar of God. Age is being tested daily and hourly at His bar. Everything, from the shoe to the ribbon on the hat, be it of man or of woman, has an ethical bearing, a gospel significance. The coat and the dress are worn either to the damnation or the salvation of the soul and of society. Not the dressmaker and the milliner, but the sage and the prophet, pass final judgment upon our apparel. All is not honest that is "paid for." There are debts the bills of which are never presented on paper; all is not beautiful that is costly; all is not legitimate that is fashionable. Looked at from the economic, artistic, or hygienic standpoint there are awful atrocities perpetrated against the well being of society, the growth of the individual and the rights of the young and the unborn by the clothes men and women wear. And there is no hope of a moral regeneration, no use of our talking of social reconstruction, economic equity, or civic reform, until the conscience is sensitive enough to subordinate style, fashion and convention in these matters to the requirements of utility, economy and beauty, the three great ethical canons of good dress, as John Ruskin has so effectively shown.

When simplicity becomes a gospel shaping our speech, directing our diet, and selecting our dress, the conditions of the happy life in home, society, the state and the world, will be discovered and largely applied. The great social regeneration we cry for, the high intellectual life we thirst for, the serene spiritual trust and the clear visions of conscience we pray for, will come on no other road, and they will surely come on these near, easy, and on that account, high and eternal lines.

The soundness of this assertion can be demonstrated by the economist and the social philosopher as directly as by the prophet of religion. The economic problem of today is not how to make money, but how to save it. The despair of the business man is the maddening discovery that with every increase of income there is an attendant increase of outgo; that it is just as hard to be independent, and a sense of leisure and of plenty is as far away at the million point as it is at the thousand a year point. The greatest mercantile triumphs of Chicago are in the dry goods trade, and these great palaces of commerce thrive on the superfluities, not on the necessities of life. They flourish on the extravagancies, not the economies of the home; the eager and feverish investments, not of the money-making, but of the money-spending gender, as Mrs. Henrotin styles them. This "emporium of dry goods" well typifies the extravagances and wastages of life.

Again, the unrest of society, the heart burnings, the rivalries, the jealousies, the consuming discontent, largely spring from these complex wants, these artificial and oftentimes false tastes which offend the true standards of art in the house, the furnishings, the wardrobes, and the larder therein. Given a respite from these artificial and constantly growing demands of the outer life, the soul will soon find its resting place in the bosom of the Infinite; the heart will be stayed in the Eternal, and the mind will feast on the treasures of literature and the triumphs of art which are now beyond its reach. The bard and philosopher, the scientist in his laboratory, the historian amid his records, will promptly persuade the released soul, the spirit blessed with leisure, that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

This, or something like it, is the message that has haunted me during my summer sojourn at Tower Hill. During my ten weeks' absence I have rested, but I have not idled; I have been busy, but have not been fatigued. I have felt your burden and have not been unmindful of the weight of the load. But I come back from a season of calm, of renewal, and I trust of growth in faith because I have escaped from so many of the trivialities of life. I have avoided the perplexities of convention and the weariness that springs therefrom. For the most part I have spent my days in a little room 12x14 and 7 feet high, with the two hundred books I took with me at my back, and the great out of doors rimmed by the emulous hills, rugged with buoyant and confident trees, and draped with the flowing river that by day defied the sun and by night gemmed the stars and carried the moon in its bosom. I might perhaps have spared twenty-five per cent of my books and still have been kept busy and happy in frictionless work.

Tower Hill this summer preached to me its Gospel of Simplicity which I fain would bring to you this morning. It laughed at the aristocracies of man, the ambitions and pretensions of woman; it mocked every conceit of the human heart and companioned all the humilities.

Tower Hill, as I found it this summer, was a grand old democrat, welcoming and giving hospitable home to the high and the low; granting encouraging hospitality to tree toad and whip-poor-will. Its flora reached from the troublesome sand burr to the shy and rare gentian. Oak and elm, pine, basswood, and cottonwood, ash and ironwood, lived congenial neighbors on that hillslope which an Illinois farmer would pronounce sterile, and which from the corn-growing and pork-raising standpoint is an unprofitable bit of land. Aye, more! Tower Hill to me this summer was not only a democrat, but a socialist. It said to me: "Get used to this word. Do not be afraid of it." This word has a gospel content; its lesson is heeded by the trees and emphasized by the grasses. Vegetation is possible only where there is community life; the strong ones re-enforce the weak; the humbler ones give sustenance to the mighty.

Man, profiting by the forestry of nature, is finding out that trees can be best propagated on the social principles. J. Sterling Morton, the great tree planter, the Father of Arbor Day, taught the Nebraska farmers to plant "nurse trees"—the quick-growing, the relatively unvaluable, in rows so that between them the slow-growing and more valuable trees could make a beginning. This is a primer lesson in sociology; it is the beginning of that communal life which finds its highest expression in the commonwealth of mind, where the individual willingly merges its individuality in the higher entity we call Society or the State.

Again, I realized this summer as I never did before that Tower Hill is a great mystic. It belongs to the family of quietists; it belongs to the fraternity which includes Amiel, Madame Guyon, Epictetus, Paul and the elder prophets of Jewry; it illustrated the great Quaker principle of the inner life. The living hill drew its sustenance from hidden sources. Its roots touched the subterranean river and the sun met the moisture in the green of the leaf and there the mystic transformation took place, the inorganic was organized; the dead became alive, and all so quietly.

"O, so still is the working of his will!"

Democrat, socialist, mystic, is my summer preacher. The Hill taught me not to be afraid of these words; it disarmed the one anxiety of the thinker, the last concern of the wise concerning these movements of human thought, by proving to me that the individual life is safe, nay, that the individual life is fostered by this community of interest, and that the vital principle, whatever it may be, working in fern or in woman, revealing itself in the golden rod or the hand of the botanist that analyzed it and named it, was vitalized and brought to its maximum by this subordination and co-ordination of life. Religion, that rejoices in synthesis, art, delighting in its "compositions," were reassured and re-enforced by science which reveled in analysis and delighted in the variety of the Hill. O, the variety that springs out of the simplicity of nature! that bursts and blossoms in the field unfettered, out of the soil untrammeled, untampered by the artificial style and fashion, pretensions and conceits of men!

During my twelve years' summer residence on Tower Hill I have sought of my scientific associates, the statistics of the flora and fauna of the four or five acres of that hill breast fronting the west. Each year there is a bold resolve to achieve the count, a confident beginning; but each year there is a break-down; before the end is reached the hill is too much for them. The tireless resources of nature outreach the patience of man. Our bird expert has, I believe, catalogued eighty or more species caught on the wing, but he knows there are other surprises and new discoveries awaiting him whenever he returns to the Hill. Our fern expert reports thirteen ferns found out of a possible twenty-six and the last week recorded a new find. One summer we kept tab on the flowers until we had reached some forty or more and then the flowers got away from us or we grew tired.

To the south of Westhope Cottage there is a little triangle of earth enclosed with a retaining stone wall to keep it from slipping down the hill, so steep is it, that contains 445 square feet, or about a rod and a half of land. With the help of the Hillside Home School botanist the other day I took a hurried account of stock and found growing there in full and calm possession, in neighborly friendliness and valuable co-operation, two oaks, an elm, ironwood, basswood, apple and ash tree, seven in all. There we found six vines and shrubs—smilax, American ivy, grape vine, blackberry, dewberry and raspberry. And on that little patch of ground we found forty-eight grasses and herbs, without counting those that got away from us or had had their day and were out of season, as follows:

Columbine, nine-bark, wild lettuce, verbena, violet, catnip, wild strawberry, dandelion, mullen, evening primrose, heal-all, bergamot, desmodium, ground cherry, night shade, red clover, white clover, artemisia, pig weed, cockle, dock, two kinds of asters, milk weed, golden rod, plantain, rag weed, fox tail, camomile, six unknown plants, seven different grasses, and five different ferns.

These make sixty-one citizens now in full and honorable possession of a home on that little patch of earth, all of them with the exception of the solitary apple tree, the products of nature's farming, aborigines, to the manner born, native tenants of the soil. It is true many of them have been remanded by the farmer into the ignoble class of "weeds," but Emerson well says that "weeds are plants whose uses have not yet been found out." There are no weeds on Tower Hill, for they all serve a high mission; they are each beautiful in their place, soil-makers, bee-feeders.

> "There is never a leaf or plant so mean,
> But is some happy creature's palace."

Certainly in the economy of nature they all have a place. The stars move no more regular in their orbits; the seasons are no more certain than is this procession of flowers on Tower Hill each year. Mark the splendid line in the floral army, how it moves across the summer, epauletted, buttoned, faced with burnished helmets and glistening armament! I call the roll from memory; to consult the books would make the line too long. It is good to call the names. The imagination will the easier construct the line running from snow to snow on Tower Hill.

Pasque flower, hepatica, dicentra, buttercup, wood anemone, trilium, violet, dandelion, columbine, harebell, wild rose, the vetches, milk weeds, blazing star, verbena, coreopsis, mint, rudbekia, gerardia, cardinal flower, goldenrod, aster, gentian.

Out of this list of twenty-three, fourteen passed in review under our eyes since the first of July. The columbines were mostly gone when we arrived, but the harebells were on duty.

Nature has her sequence of color also. This or something like it is the general order of her rainbow hues—white, pink, red, yellow, purple, blue. From the spotless snow-drop in March to the peerless blue of the gentian in November, what a procession of color, and no color is in disgrace. Nature knows and respects no color line.

The vari-colored, manifold life, justifies the law of simplicity, vindicates the democracy, which is the hope of humanity, the social compact, the community of interests, which is the goal of philosophy, the pretense of politics, the quest of statesmanship and the inspiration of religion.

Now the best of all this story is that Tower Hill is a commonplace hill. My triangle of earth can be matched and over-matched most anywhere in the great garden of God. And I must believe that the spiritual acreage of nature is as fertile as are her material acres, and that life, bounteous, beautiful life, is conditioned in the one field very much as in the other, if we could only learn the heavenly tillage and trust the divine farming in the one field as in the other.

The debt of the city to the country is a favorite theme of the economist and the preacher. We hear much of the bare-footed boys who have found their way into our cities to become captains of industry, masters of trade, controllers of millions. It is poor return when the city sends back into the country its feverish tastes, its costly habits, its elaborate equipments and the bewitching and silly styles. It is an ill day that blows over the country the city's fever for funds, for frills, and for fun. The passion for dollars, for dance, and for dress, menaces the moral life of men and women wherever they may be, on the boulevard or in the alley; on the farm or in the mill and the foundry.

These three "F's," Funds, Fun and Frills, form the triple-stranded rope that strangles the womanly in women's natures; and the three "D's"—of Dollars, Dance and Dress, are the subtle snares that entangle the feet of our young men, confuse them in their years of study, confound them in their years of work and bring imbecility and meanness when the almond tree ought to bloom into serenity and service.

Friends, I greet you as fellow-workers at this beginning of another year's work. It is the beginning of our agricultural year. Our season of plowing, sowing, cultivating, and harvesting, is a short one; there is no time to lose. May the suggestion of the hills re-enforce the Master's plea that our conversation may be "yea, yea, and nay, nay;" may we taste the strength, health, joy, power, usefulness, that comes only to him who is simple in speech, in diet, in dress, democratic in his sympathies, social in his ambitions, direct in his devotions, and immediate in his reverences.

> "For whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil."

My Heart and I.

My heart and I, only my heart and I,
Know of the dungeons deep,
The dungeons dark, where sleep
The dreadful shapes that terrify
My heart and I—only my heart and I!

We pray and sigh, (Ah, me!) my heart and I,
Prayers that are pleading sighs,
Sighs that are prayerful cries,
That these vile things may die—
We loathe and dread them so—my heart and I.

Sometimes we think them dead—my heart and I—
And go a whole day glad,
Forget the dread we had,
And think no more to cry—
"Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!"

But lo!—when smilingly my heart and I,
To sound of jest and song,
Move gaily 'mid the throng—
We find them standing nigh;
Their mocking gaze on us, my heart and I.

They lift the mask we wear, my heart and I,
And bid us claim our own,
And reap what we have sown,
The harvest of a lie—
Help, or we perish, Lord!—my heart and I.

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Small End of Great Problems.*

The many friends of Brooke Herford will find in this volume the substance of his message as a preacher. In every sentence we are impressed by the warm, generous personality. Dr. Herford is little interested in abstract questions and has no talent for metaphysics. He is intensely interested in human life and loves to follow out its suggestions. Describing the common life of man he says: "Well, here is our dominion. Within this little circle close to us let us live the best and most we can—and from this center feel our way towards the larger relations and the infinite life."

Here we have the central thought around which the teaching of the volume revolves. God, righteousness, immortality, are to be interpreted and understood only as we ourselves grow towards them. The first step lies in the rectification of our own nature. Make that right and all the rest will be added unto us.

Perhaps the least satisfactory chapters are those in which Dr. Herford enters the field of apologetics. Thus the treatment of "Revelation and Authority" and "The World's Debt to Christ," one is reminded a little too much of the method of the so-called New Theology in reconciling present day thought and inherited phrases.

Dr. Herford is at his best in treating such subjects as "The Veiled Life in Man," "The Mystery of Goodness" and "The Mystery of Pain."

Then he is not simply the teacher, but the inspirer and comforter. The volume ends with a hopeful outlook on the new knowledge of the world. Dr. Herford finds in modern science "inspirations to man to lift himself from the ground, to trust his higher nature and even in the commonest lot to walk with a great faith in God, and a great upreaching heard of wondering adoration."

S. M. CROTHERS.

Cambridge, Mass.

*The Small End of Great Problems. By Brooke Herford, D. D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1902.

The Thrall of Leif the Lucky.*

Nowadays, a would-be historical novelist must be either very adroit or very lucky to perceive and preempt a corner of authentic chronicle not already crisscrossed many times by his fellow-craftsmen. Still more fortunate is he to find one where the lines left by the annalist are so faint that he is at liberty to embroider thereon what pattern his fancy list. Both these advantages have been secured by Miss Ottilie Liliencrantz (lilygarland—what a pretty name!) in choosing for her hero the Norse chieftain who is declared by Scandinavian authorities to have discovered America nearly five hundred years before Columbus.

With this name, for it is little more, the author has created by her imagination a magnificent personality, lofty, passionate, uncontrollable, or gentle, wise, diplomatic, far-sighted, according as his Berserk heredity on his new-founded sincere, though imperfect Christianity obtains control over his great mind. The struggle of these jarring principles in the midst of enemies proud yet cruel, generous yet mean, is finely worked out in the first half of the book, while the extatic delight of his wild followers as they exchanged the ice and snow of their nature land for the vine-embowered forests and abounding game of the new world furnishes a richness of material not often vouchsafed any story-teller.

A charming love episode is interwoven with the fortunes of the hero in which the author has shown her skill by making the charactering Leif always our surpassing concern, even while we are gasping about the fate of the very unusual and frequently exasperating hero and heroine whose troubles are finally to be resolved to "a trance of passive splendor," as Mrs. Browning says, by the generosity of the chief, who has, rather to our chagrin, no love-story of his own, apparently. But as Alwyn, the Thrall (and also prince) has very undeniably a temper of HIS own, and Hilja the Fair, his destined bride, is similarly endowed, it is possible that Leif showed his customary wisdom in bestowing them upon each other, surmising that in a second volume of their adventures (not to be published) he would be avenged for all the trouble their joint and several tantrums occasioned him on his voyage to Vinland.

The spectacle of a noble Norse maiden figuring as a stowaway in a vessel full of warriors may strain our credulity a little, as does also the implication that those early Yankees of the sea, discovered a path to a land abounding in wine and self-sown wheat and then lost it again; but far be it from us to press these minor points while our mouth is still watering with the recollection of a delightful story; and after all, why should an epic narrator be bothered with these trivialities any more than an epic poet?

The illustrations are admirable and just archaic enough to suit the subject—EXCEPT the full page colored lithographs which, we respectfully submit, are just what they have always proved in inexpensive books, tame and cheap-looking in comparison with line work, in spite of probably good designs by the artists, it being apparently impossible as yet to afford good color effects in dollar-and-a-half books. With this exception the get-up of the volume seems to us practically faultless.

C. S. K.

Oldfield; A Kentucky Tale.†

This is not a novel that will sell by hundreds of thousands. The more's the pity, for it is much more deserving of a wide circulation than are many which

*The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. By Ottilie A. Liliencrantz. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

†Oldfield: A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1902.

attain to this felicity. It is a novel of character much more than a novel of plot, but the characters, quaint and charming, are set in a local atmposhere that is rendered in a delightful manner. We have the life of a small Kentucky community in the antebellum times. Into its quietness, now and then, comes riding one Alvarado, a Spaniard of evil reputation, but for the most part the little world we move in is quite undisturbed by any passionate emotions. A pretty love story runs its thread through the later chapters, but this too is subordinate to the leading interest which is attaching to Miss Judy and her sister Sophie. It would appear that Miss Sophie is not quite "all there." but Miss Judy never makes the base concession. On the contrary, she habitually defers to her sister's excellent judgment, which is expressed in the recurrent formula, "Just so, Sister Judy." They are maiden ladies. daughters of a revolutionary soldier on whose pension they hungrily subsist, putting the best foot forward, and making the best appearance possible. Miss Judy's small anxieties furnish much of the material that engages our sympathy. The minor characters are generally "convincing," as the saying goes. But one of them who furnishes much of the humor of the book is less so than the others, with her irrepressible disposition to take down her hair and do it up again at every critical moment. Her business is unique. It is that of social entertainment. She goes from house to house, an honored guest, retailing the gossip of the neighborhood and what news she can gather of the larger world. She receives no compensation. Certainly not; but she is the recipient of many gifts that are made in graceful acknowledgment of her contributions to the social feast. J. W. C.

Origin of Familiar Phrases.

To feel in apple-pie order is a phrase which dates back to puritan times—to a certain Hepzibah Merton. It seems that every Saturday she was accustomed to bake two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family for the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labeled for each day of the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's, nor those presumably large or intended for washing and sweeping days eaten when household labors were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple-pie order" was known throughout the entire settlement, and originated the well-known saying.

It was once customary in France, when a guest had outstayed his welcome, for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton, instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase, "To give the cold shoulder."

"None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk," was an old Hungarian saying, and the number of feathers in his cap indicated how many Turks the man had killed. Hence the origin of the saying with reference to a feather in one's cap.

In one of the battles between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar!" "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't come," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captured had the captor by the arm, and would not release him. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

That far from an elegant expression, "To kick the bucket," is believed to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach a rafter above, then kicking away the bucket on which he stood. The term coroner is derived from the word "corphconnor," which means corpse-inspector. "In the soup" is a Shakespearean expression.

"He's a brick," meaning a good fellow, originated with a king of Sparta—Agesilaus—about the fourth century B. C. A visitor at the Lacedaemonian capital was surprised to find the city without walls or means of defense, and asked his royal host what they would do in case of an invasion by a foreign power. "Do?" replied the heroic king. "Why, Sparta has 50,000 soldiers, and each man is a brick."

When the Horse Guards parade in St. James' Park, London, there is always a lot of boys on hand to black the boots of the soldiers or do other menial work. These boys, from their constant attendance about the time of guard mounting, were nicknamed "the black guards," hence the name "black-guard." "Deadhead," as donating one who has free entrance to places of amusement, comes from Pompeii, where the checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads. Specimens of these are in the museum at Naples.—*The Jewish Criterion.*

Helen Kellar and the Statue.

One of the papers has described a visit made by Helen Kellar to the Boston Art Museum to see the statuary. This young girl is blind and deaf, and all she learns must be learned through her fingers. She has been taught to articulate, but one must listen very intently to understand her.

When she reached the hall, a step-ladder was placed in front of each statue. This she mounted, and passed her fingers carefully and slowly over each statue. Her face expressed keen enjoyment, and her comments showed that she discovered what each was meant to express. Of Apollo she said, "He is grand beyond description;" of Julius Cæsar, "He looks like what he was." When she passed her hands over a bas-relief of dancing girls, she asked, "Where are the singers?" When she had found these, she said, "One is silent." The lips of one singer were closed. A bas-relief of a mother and child brought out the question, "Where are the arms of the mother?"

Helen Kellar is preparing to enter Radcliffe College, and it is said will enter as fully prepared as the girls who have the advantage of sight and hearing.—*The Outlook.*

War.

And in these days when all the earth
  Has prophecied of love and peace,
And word has spread of human worth,
  The horrors of grim war increase.

The world baptized in human blood,
  That nature sought by flowers to hide,
Cried out in grief for brotherhood,
  And showed how Christ for man had died.

That form which hung upon the cross,
  Because of hate, passed as a ghost—
Wherever souls have suffered loss,
  And filled with shame the warrior's boast.

Christ made it sweet to bring the smile,
  To clasp the hands of foes as friends,
And by his love would so beguile—
  Until each soul each soul defends!

Like wolves let loose on peaceful lands,
  We see fierce armies pass along,
Wild mothers stand with outstretched hands—
  To save their homes from beasts so strong.

But on, pressed on by passion's power,
  The snarling packs of hunger go,
And only He who keeps the hour,
  Can see the ravishment and woe!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Faith assures me, hope inspires me; love is me at my best.

MON.—Our powers owe much of their energy to our hope, and whatever enlarges hope, exalts courage and promotes endeavor.

TUES.—First, consciousness that a thing must be done; then a spark of courage to try and do it; then a constancy that endures to the end.

WED.—Make sure that faith is there, and then you can form no conception of the surprises of power hidden in the heart of it.

THURS.—Blessed is that mother who shall let every good gift of God in the little child have its own free play.

FRI.—The last thing, often, that mothers learn, is that the child is always becoming less a child.

SAT.—Few parents know, I fear, what a supreme and holy thing is the shadow cast by the home over the future years of the child. The influence that comes in this way is the very breath and bread of life.

—*Robert Collyer.*

The Chestnut Burr.

A wee little nut lay deep in its nest
Of satin and down the softest and best;
And slept and grew while its cradle rocked,
As it hung in boughs that interlocked.

Now the house was small where the cradle lay
As it swung in the wind by night and day;
For a thicket of underbrush fenced it round,
This little lone cot by the great sun browned.

The little nut grew, and ere long it found
There was work outside on the soft green ground,
It must do its part so the world might know
It had tried one little seed to grow.

And soon the house that had kept it warm
Was tossed about by the autumn storm;
The stem was cracked, the old house fell,
And the chestnut burr was an empty shell.

But the little seed, as it waiting lay,
Dreamed a wonderful dream day by day,
Of how it should break its coat of brown,
And live as a tree to grow up and down.

—*From a Teacher's Scrap Book.*

The Cat Who Lost Her Kittens.

A ship, called an oil-tank steamer, carries oil from this country to Italy. The captain, when in Italy, received from an Italian friend a present of a beautiful cat. Cats are not common in Italy, and this cat was considered remarkable. Her family had been so beautiful and intelligent that the history of its many members was kept. When the cat reached this country, every man on the boat was her friend. One day the whole crew were delighted to find that Puss had four beautiful kittens.

The captain went ashore, leaving Puss and her family in the steward's care. When the captain returned to the steamer, Puss was gone. The whole crew searched for her, but could not find her. Two days later the ship sailed with the kittens, but without their mother. Two days after the ship sailed, Puss trotted down on the wharf to find a strange vessel where her home had been. She rushed frantically from ship to ship, never going aboard, just looking at them from the wharfs. At last, very much dejected, she took up her residence with the watchman in his little house. Every arrival roused Puss's interest. She knew, without going aboard, that it was not her particular ship. One day the watchman saw, out in the stream, Puss's ship. As the ship approached the wharf, Puss grew more and more excited; when it was several feet away, she made a spring and landed on board. Without noticing any one, she went to the place where she had left her kittens. They were not there, but were found and given to her. She kissed and purred over them as long as they would let her, and then she greeted her friends with her best manners.—*The Outlook.*

The Rainbow.

The doctor and the charity agent were sitting in the latter's den on the top floor of the tenement discussing their acquaintances. The O'Sullivan father was drunk again, the Einstein baby had tuberculosis. Mrs. Cahn wouldn't allow herself to be removed to the hospital, the De Luska boys home from the orphan asylum had forgotten Italian and their mother couldn't speak English, and Mrs. Carmichael, who, with her large family, always lived in a basement and frequently was dispossessed at that, had spent $621 on her husband's funeral out of the $650 received from the railway company which had accidentally caused his death.

"By George, let's go out on the fire escape and get the air!" exclaimed the doctor. So the charity agent followed and they both leaned over the iron rail.

A heavy summer shower had just passed, and the long, narrow street, with looming tenements on either side, was strangely quiet. The sudden downpour had driven the pushcarts and truckmen to stables and cellars, and the rain was still running in satiny luster down the fronts of the buildings and across the newly washed pavements. A few scurrying figures were beginning to emerge from the houses.

"Wonderfully quiet," said the doctor, and the charity agent assented.

"I knew it wouldn't last," said the doctor, and he pointed to a group of children on the corner, who suddenly had sprung up from nowhere. They were gesticulating, shouting, and pushing one another.

"Fight, I suppose, or pickpocket," muttered the doctor.

More children joined the group, a few of the hurrying pedestrians stopped also, and the murmur from the crowd became louder.

"Do you see a fire, a patrol wagon, or an ambulance?" asked the doctor.

"I can't—make—it—out," replied the charity agent as he leaned farther over the rail.

Children from the side streets came running up, and excited shouts seemed to rise from all the blocks around. Children in red and blue, purple and yellow, in dirty white, faded and torn, barelegged and half shod, little tots with a mere excuse of one garment—all shouting and pushing and pointing and waving their arms. Men and women with burdens of half-finished clothes on their backs, the pushcart venders and others whose work had driven them to the street as soon as the rain ceased, stood eagerly watching on the edge of the crowd. Still the children laughed and shouted and pointed, and through all the streets rolled the muffled roar of many voices.

"Why, man alive!" shouted the charity agent as he slapped the doctor on the back, "look up, look up—they see a rainbow!"—*The Evening Sun.*

That is a noteworthy character that can find a place in the hearts of the people without having to make room for itself by destroying another.

In the presence of a hope deferred, a promise fulfilled, a great joy to be attained, it is hard to wait without doubting. Here is where patience is tried, this only is patience. The patience to endure and still trust is the sublimest of all patience. This kind of patience is a working force. It is a part of the capital stock of every man who would achieve grandly. This patient endurance, trustful of the end, Grant, Luther, Moses, Abraham had in large degree. Patience is the seed of optimism.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Man Christ.

Oh man of pure heart,
How lovable thou art!
They call thee man of sorrows;
I know thee, man of joy:
For what the joy so perfect
As thine, without alloy?

Thy face with grace aglow,
Whence truth and life do flow!
Thy lips so sweet and fearless,
Thine eyes so loving bright,
Thy crown of silken tresses
That shine with heavenly light!

Thou gift of God to me,
Thou art the Christ, I see.
Thou messenger from heaven,
Incarnate word of God!
With fellow mortals sharing
The chastening of His rod.

Andover, N. H. ANGELO HALL.

MINERAL POINT, WIS.—This is the leading town of Iowa County, Wisconsin, a beautiful little hill city for some three thousand people, situated some twenty-five miles from Tower Hill. Something very unusual happened in the religious experience of this little town on the 31st of August last, when the senior editor of UNITY preached morning and evening in the Primitive Methodist Church of the place, by invitation of the pastor and the society. This is the leading church in the city, and two large audiences greeted him while he spoke of the great coming together in morals and religion. The reception given to his words is best indicated by the following resolutions forwarded to him by the pastor of the church. That this is a little straw showing the direction of the current is so obvious that further comment is unnecessary.

"At a meeting of the members, trustees and officials of the Primitive Methodist Church of Mineral Point, Wis., the following resolution was unanimously carried:

"'That we, the Primitive Methodist Church of Mineral Point, do hereby tender the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of All Souls Church, Chicago, Ill., our most hearty thanks for his very eloquent and generous services of August 31, 1902; that we assure him that his discourses have made a profound and lasting impression for good on the minds of all who heard him; and that he has endeared himself to the hearts of the people of this city.

"'Hoping and praying that a kind Providence may preserve and continue to make him a blessing.'

"(Signed) In behalf of the Church,

"JOHN HARDCASTLE, Pastor."

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The Shadows of the Pines. * Bashful Betsy Brown. * Wait.
Foxy Grandpa two-step—As great as the play.
Go way back and sit down. * My Sambo. * When I think of you.
I cannot love you more—a beautiful ballad.
When You Were Sweet Sixteen. * Violets by Roma. * Way down yonder in cornfield.
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Sunbeams and Shadows—intermezzo. * Jennie Lee. * Hearts and Flowers.
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Tickled to Death. * Bird in a Gilded Cage. * My Rosary.
The one that loved you then loves you more—ballad.
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